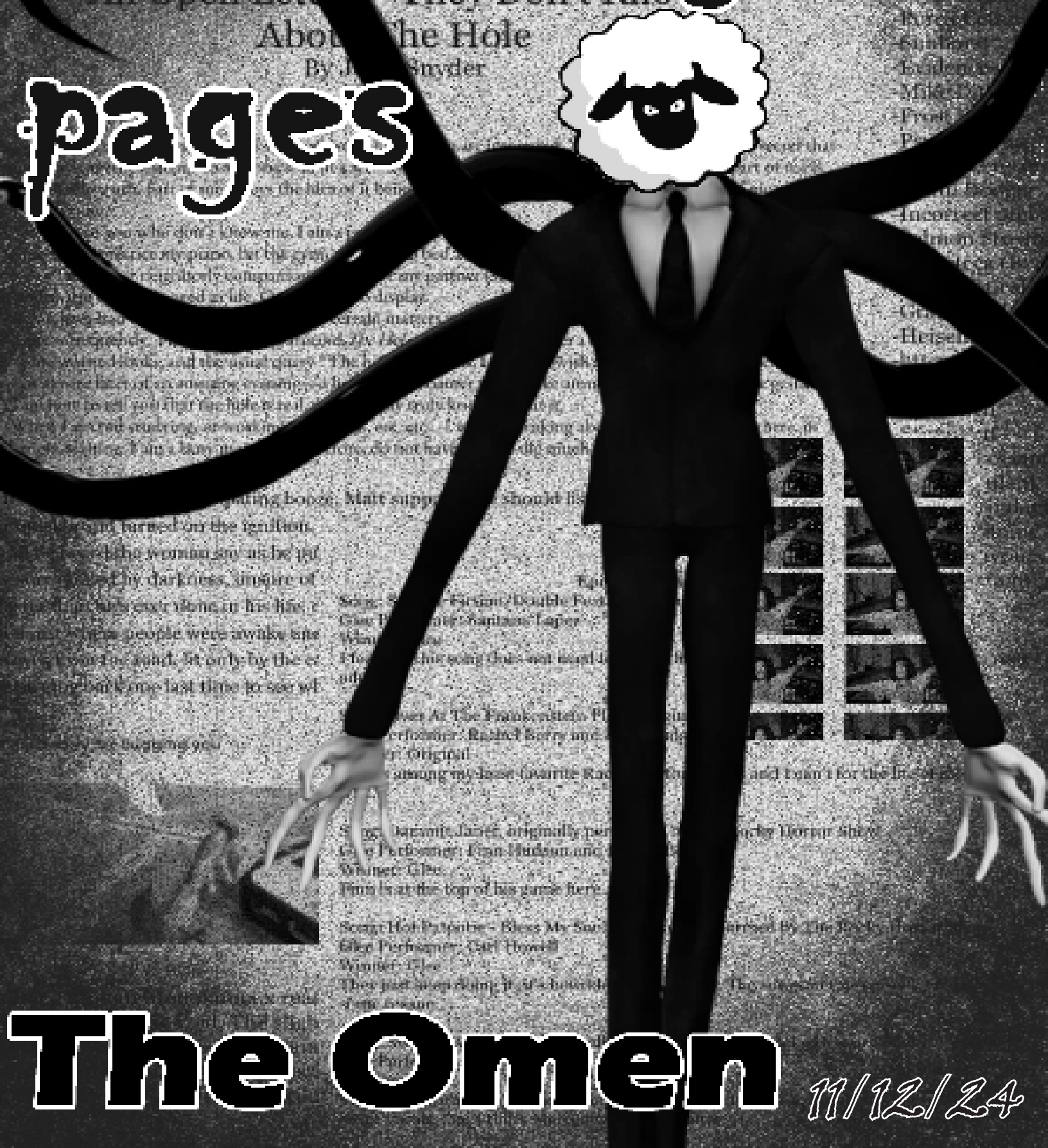


collect my pages

An Open Letter — They Don't Know
About The Hole

By J. Snyder



The Omen

11/12/24

CONTAINED WITHIN...

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Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

Willow: saltwater taffy

Finch: Lemonheads

Max: Nerd Rope

Ziehal: Twizzlers

Mia: twix...yummm

Kriss: Skittles/Starburst

Eva: Nerd Rope

Find all issues here!



Front Cover: March Cronin

Back Cover:

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office, Mia's mailbox (1084), Willow's mailbox (1265), or Max's mailbox (0509).

POLICY

The Omen is a cry for help echoed from the center of the earth every other week that is the only example in heaven and in hell of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we are cursed to publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that break neither the law nor the Hampshire College Student Handbook. Send your fanatical yet deluded diatribes, seductive blasphemy, graven images, and gloomy dirges to omen@hampshire.edu; we'll publish it all, bound as we are to eternal unquestioning servitude. The Omen is about condemning your soul to the fiery pits, no matter how pure your intentions. Since its accursed founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has been published with fiendish regularity, making it Hampshire's most insidiously pervasive publication.

Your Omen submission (if you heed not this warning) might not be edited, and neither do we swear to any spellchecking, so any heretical claims are your fault, not ours. If it be any consolation: we do pledge not to insert lamentable spelling mistakes in submissions to make it appear as though you've taken leave of your senses.

Your submission must include the name you hold around campus: you must be held accountable for your sins and indiscretions. Yet more cruelly still, the views expressed in the Omen may be mere lies or distractions, perhaps belonging not to anyone, anywhere, living or otherwise.

The Omen staff consists of those few remaining on this mortal coil who are present for Omen layout, forever ordained to take place every other Friday at 7:00 p.m. in the Kern, room 202. If you dare attend, come and answer the staff box question. We "don't" bite. You can find the Omen every other Monday in the corner of your eye, the whispers of the woods, the other side of the mirror, and just about any other place we can find to tempt and torment you.

View, in the Omen (5)

Are not necessarily (7)

Held by the living! (5)

oooooh how dreadful

by Max, Willow, and Mia



Tired and angry from the election and looking for something productive to do?

Want to be in a room with someone other than smooth-brained Israeli apologists?

Want to be a part of meaningful action instead of just talking out of your ass?

COME TO SJP MEETINGS!!!!!!

We are:

- **Advocating for HC's *full, permanent, and transparent* divestment from Israel**
- **Getting HC students plugged into Five College and local action items**
- **Educating the campus on ways to directly help Palestine**
- **Connecting activists and artists from the Palestine liberation movement with similar movements (like tech divestment for a Free Congo)**



SJP meetings occur from 3-5 on Sundays in the FPH Faculty Lounge

If you really cannot come, keep an eye out for zines, posters, and letters from SJP.

This message is brought to you by Malfoy Kimmel and is not officially affiliated with the Hampshire College SJP



Trump is not god

(November 6th, 2024)

by Malfoy Kimmel

Trump is not god.
He will not live beyond
the setting and rising of a thousand moons.
His skin will dry like leather
beneath the beating sun
before the hour of our victory has ended.

Trump is not god.
gods do not shake hands
with grinning salesmen of death
who sell children's hunger and blood
for oil.
gods do not lick the underside
of a young girl's fear
as if to feed on it.

Trump is not god,
though like Christ his bones have not broken
so gelatinous are his flailing limbs
so flexible is his spine
bending to get fucked
by the next man who promises cash.

Trump is not god.
He is not honorable enough even
to be crucified
right-side up nor upside-down
flayed alive nor stoned to death
(though many of us may dream).
He will decompose like any other man.
Returning to the earth, who with embarrassment
gave him life.

Trump is not god.
His hold of the reins of this sick beast
some call the You Es Ay
will be shorter than the blink
of any god's eye.
Even his memory will not last
carved in marble nor written on paper.
Perhaps his name will endure
as the straggling end
of a joke.



Section Ghoulish Moans

by Harry Cooke

PEER SUPPORT RECOVERY CIRCLE



Peer Support Recovery Circle is a student led support group offering a non judgmental, safe space for students in behavioral addiction, substance addiction, and seeking sobriety —

WEEKLY MEETING

THURSDAY 6:30PM in

APL - GATE 17

Free Cookies and Coffee 😊



by Kriss

Want to create a
character
for an event
or yourself?

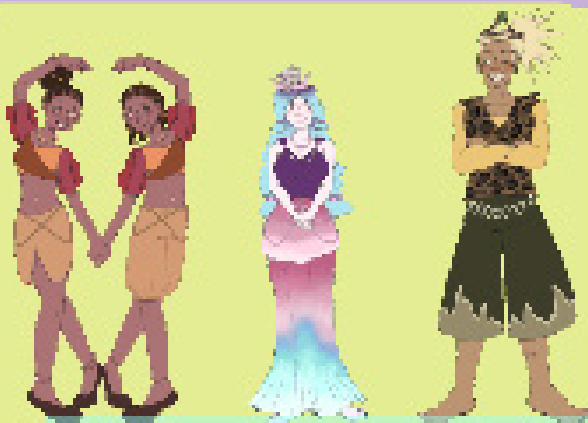


Consider commissioning a local
artist!!

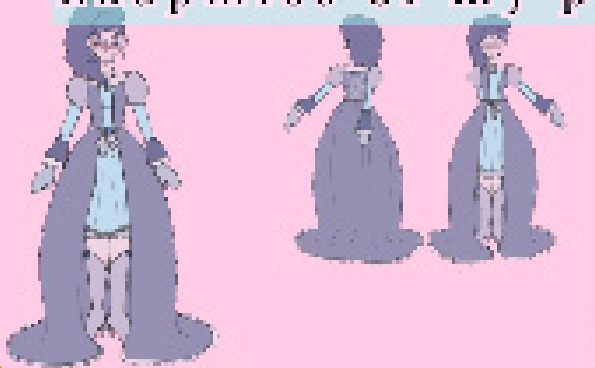
(That's me!)



Contact me by email
(tjm24@hamp...)
or by 12 (fennecfox_17)



Exapmles of my previous works!



Section Folly of the Damned

The Light

by Clay Kesling

The light, it sits atop the cliffs
A beacon for the lost souls which know only dark without it.
Guided by the illuminating force above, they now have a destination.

The cliff that reaches towards the light aches to visit there one day.
This cliff erodes with time and watches as the light remains unmoving.
Drifting further apart with the mutual erosion of time, the cliff longs for a
gleaming embrace.

The clouds, their faded forms never able to grasp the light, serve to conceal
it instead.

The wind fights their presence. Pushing them to disperse so the souls have
guidance.

The wind and clouds push with exhausting endlessness. There is no rest.

The trees, they grow and die and spread and wither.
Their roots holding them hostage from migrating up above.
They hope to grow up up up through the clouds and into the light.

The light, it sits atop the cliffs.
In lonesome solitude, it observes, paralyzed with stillness.
Yearning to embrace that which lies below.

They all await relentlessly to be found.
To have rest from the constant endured tedium.
Stuck in a cycle of torment, their pursuit remains anyway.



The Movement Never Ceases

by Clay Kesling

In the way of the shifting stars, do you ever really settle?
For embarking in this way of life, movement never ceases.

The rest you desperately long for slips out of your gasping grasp;
Your eyes, bloodshot and teary, watch it fade. Movement never ceases.

Verbatim is the death of deception in the face of truth. Lies.
Aching mistruths damned into silence while movement never ceases.

Rabid is the beast that beckons from the depths. Do you hear it wail?
Bathed in the forsaken mouth of the pit. Movement never ceases.

A rickety set of stairs lead into an inky passageway.
Ill-lit fluid laps up onto the stairs. Movement never ceases.

Awaiting this fate, an unforeseen harbinger of light arrives;
a shepherd for the unseeing. Whispers, “movement never ceases.”

“In the end, is there stillness?” I cry out, echoing endlessly.
No response. Onward...we continue our movement. “Never”” Ceases” ...

The crackling low hum of a disembodied voice pierces silence.
Weathered by time, it needn’ t say more. The movement never ceases...

Derealizing the world; fade away into oblivion.
Void of nothingness filled by everything...movement never ceases.

Gone. Lost. Empty husk. Absent. Astray. Bygones. Erased. Ceasing.
Exist. Exist. Exist. Exist. Exist. Movement.....never.....
ceases.....



Burning Bush

by Finch Arnold

The little fire was minding its own business in the fire pit it had called home for the last few hours, glowing and crackling and burning as fires did, when a corpse toppled impolitely into it, head first. And the fire thought to itself, what a wonderful fuel I've found, because a fire is a hungry thing. It wasted no time in beginning to consume the hair on the corpse's head, which was little more than a light snack to it. A bit like two or three kernels of popcorn would be to us, or a rice cake. It then began gnawing, more slowly, away at the skin of the cheek, which laid touching the fire's very coals. In little time at all, the skin began to drip and slough off. Diligently and patiently the work was done, until something strange began to happen. The fire, you see, had managed to work its way into the corpse's mouth. And from the mouth, it was not very difficult to worm its way into the brain. It was unlike anything the little fire had seen before. It squeezed itself through the nose and ears and mouth into the head of the corpse in the firepit. Then, the fire took its new body (which it had already claimed implicitly, the greedy thing), and, with part of it in the firepit and part of it in the corpse, it

Stood.

Straight.

Up.

Well! Through its brand-new eyes, the fire took in a new world beyond the firepit, a world much more than a little walled off circle into which fuel sometimes fell. And a second piece of fuel, much like the one it was currently nibbling away at, had started to run away. The fire couldn't help but laugh at the concept. Fuel that runs! How novel. The fire's first few steps were uneven, but better than you'd expect, given the circumstances. It didn't take it long to adjust either, and it was soon shambling with great speed towards its fuel. It was almost like the fuel didn't know to whom it belonged. Poor thing.

It didn't take long for the fuel to figure out it belonged by right to the fire, though, and fall over. It was making sounds that the fire couldn't recognize, so the fire courteously opened up its mouth and crackled back. The fuel made another sound in response, a louder one, so the fire did the same. This exchange of noises

continued for a bit longer, before the fire realized the fuel was still attempting to move. The fuel at least had the politeness to extend a gift though, a silvery thing that reflected light wonderfully and had bits of red on it that really matched the fire's eyes. Or lack of eyes, one supposes, as the fire had eaten them, leaving itself visible through the eye sockets. The fuel slid its gift into the fire's stomach, which was a curious sensation, before the fire reached out and touched the fuel's cheek, which began to smolder. The fire understood what it was to eat better now, and it slowly but surely picked the fuel clean. But it was not satisfied. It left the ashen bones in its wake and began searching for more.

As it walked through the forest, the fire passed the time by spreading itself down the corpse's throat and into the stomach. Said throat did have a tear across it, lengthwise, but this was not a great impediment. It also sampled a few new sorts of fuel, which were exciting. The wood it ignored, because it had already had more than enough of that sort of thing back in the firepit. The leaves were tasty, and the fire ate a great many of them, but, like the hair had been, not very filling. It was not satisfied. But the fire had a stroke of luck when it saw a new sort of fuel that it could scarcely understand. It moved about like the other fuels had, but the form of it was uncommon, with it being much larger than the others, and twisted sideways. It had a pair of protrusions from its head that, to the fire, resembled the branches of a tree. More wood, but a strange sort, and the fire coveted it. The fuel proved itself fast, but the fire was a hungry thing, and matched it, overtaking it before long. The fire reached out to the strange new fuel, but not before it could slide one of its odd branches into the fire's stomach. In turn, the fire reached out to the fuel with all of its hunger, and it felt like no time at all before it too was reduced to ashen bones. But the branches remained. And the fire found itself stuck.

Within the body it had claimed as its own, the fire raged, it thrashed. It burned. It pulled with desperation, but progress was slow, and the fire had no choice but to eat. A fire is not a hungry thing, but it itself is hunger, it exists only when it is consuming. So it ate the skin of the body, it ate the face. It burned away at the hands and in the stomach, crackling and smoking as it did the work. It couldn't not. Perhaps it knew that when it was done, there would be no more fire, but that did not stop it because it couldn't possibly stop. The heart was more fuel to the fire. The lungs burned the same as anything else. Cheerily, brightly, the smell of cooking meat filled the forest air. There was no longer enough body left to free itself from its impalement, for the muscles had long since been consumed. The fire was a hungry thing to the end, and finally consumed the liver, the last scrap of flesh for it to burn.

And with nothing left to eat, there was no more fire. Just ashen bones. A mile away, a firepit that still burned brightly, unrestricted by any overseer, burning with a newfound feeling, not a hunger, but a *desire* for the freedom to walk and to eat and to burn. Crackling, a stray spark from the fire ignited a nearby bush. And the fire was satisfied.

Until a hiker came upon the burning bush.



Section Infernal

Torment

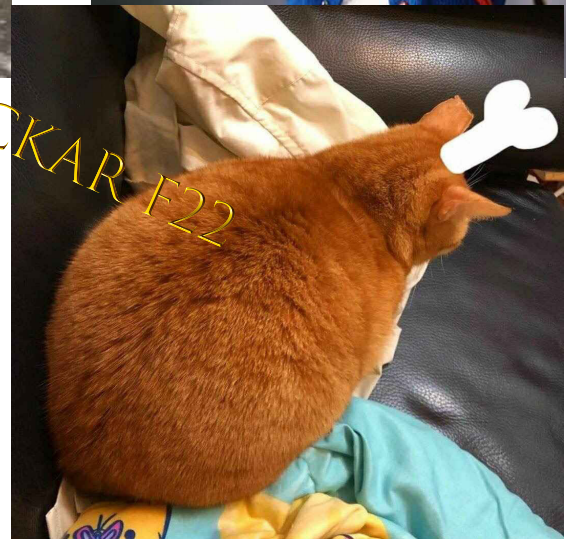
by Ziehal Stephenson-Sweeney



by Jesse Miller



Costumes I Saw on Campus



babe what's wrong you've barely touched any of your triceramisu



this cat looks at Spooky People

